The Warrior of God

In the land where eagles dare to roam,

A titan rose from humble home.

Ordained by Heaven’s whispered cheer,

A Nazarite with purpose clear.

Locks unshorn, his strength untamed,

Against oppressors, fiercely aimed.

Yet passions burned with reckless flame,

Desires swept with the allures of fame.

His Armor has many colors

The countries united in sight

With the hunger he has in his veins

I have given him training beneath the light

I have set my lion along his path

Throughout history He tore in his wrath.

From land and sea,

his hunger dripped,

Yet with ambition

he began to slip

Away from my love

and towards himself

A kingdom I gave to him

He sat on it with wealth

Pretending to be king

When the seat is yet to be sat

By my blessed son

Whom you’ve walked, towards his path

Oh how you have displeased me, Samson

You once made statues

that were meant for me

An imperfect flatter yet made to see

Only a glimpse of my glory

A shadow of my kingdom a must

For my will, shall be done

And thine land will be burned to the dust

America, the modern son

With strength unmatched,

achievements spun.

Yet the Gold I let you seek

Was to train your ambition

tucked under a husk

To become the greatest warrior

for the battle ahead

When the light shines brighter

Than the morning shed

From melting pots, a nation stewed,

A tapestry of cultures I had brewed.

The plan for Samson I have yet to unfold

only a matter of time

before your towers grow with mold

O land of freedom, hear the tale,

Of Samson’s rise, and how he fell.

But he’s my greatest warrior of the new Israel

Who will make way for my Son and the veil

That armor you once wore, Samson

Is prepared for the true righteous king

So prepare yourself my soldier

I am coming quickly